



Let Still This Beam

Poems by Casey Warhol

“I’ve chased them so hard, These
radiant lights from afar.”

To Katie,

The little angel who brightens my day,
Filling each moment with your radiant ray.

Contents

Volume I _____ 01.

Volume 1
When Golden Lights Fade

To Remember (Part Two)

On a realm where dreams and truths collide,
Time and memories take their stride.
A grain of sand, by the wind it's set free,
Floats to the sky, to an endless sea.

Blades cannot cut the flow of time's song,
While temple bells their notes prolong.
Wildfires rage, the sunset's glow does fade,
Here, vibrant greens in memory do evade.

To Autumn

Is there a way,
For golden hues to stay?
Everything fades,
Someway, someday.

I've chased them so hard,
These radiant lights from afar.
Bursting from the seam,
To let still this beam.

O autumn, dear autumn,
Soon you'll depart from the sky,
Leaving no tears,
And no more reasons to cry.

My Life

Lost amidst time's relentless stride,
Where buried nights and realities hide.
Rushing past moments, life's frenzied pace,
Ascending to realms of uncertainty's embrace.

Eighteen Fleeting, Nineteen Flourishing (An Ode to My Growth)

Eighteen, free as the breeze,
Chasing the unknown, a bittersweet road.
Living fully, loving deeply, never cease,
In each adventure, my true zest aglow.

Nineteen, like dew in the morning glow,
Hopeful to blossom, in beauty's prime.
Life's challenges are ahead, this I know,
Yet with strength in mind, I'll thrive in time.

After the Ball

After the ball,
The crowds scatter wide,
Like autumn's varied tide,
Golden moments, in memory they fade.

Having the time of my life at dusk,
Escalating down to hell at next dawn.
Used to falling, life's big-time risk,
Everything that goes up, must come down.

I asked myself, 'What good lies still,
When love and laughter fade away?'
Tomorrow, some other void to fill,
And some uncertainty. - It's another day.

As Long As I Enjoy Solitude

I know it takes courage to fly,
When you fear the height.
Around me, laughter, bonds ignite,
Confetti, roses, and the limelight.

A corner, that's where I belong,
Silent still, I reach out, to feel that soundless song.
Heart dancing, like a lone bird of paradise,
Hands holding, drips of bone-chilling ice.

Never the one to dance in the party's light,
The crowd's glow, a spectacle I shy.
In my solitude, a tranquil sight,
Where coldness blooms, an eternal ally.

Some Little Thoughts

When the lake was frozen,
I wished to see, through the ice, the hidden.
Like birds, fly away, or lie still, ways to be chosen,
Thrown by God, we were just dice, unbidden.

'How do fish endure the winter's blight?'
I ponder, 'What mysteries beneath out of sight?'
Inhaling deeply, finding answers, in this cold night:
Silent souls dancing in the heath, hearts taking flight.

Nighttime, What Do I See?

Night whispers, stars align,
Moonlight, kisses us, Devine.
Fading away, every subtle sign,
Into this void, void time.

Goodbye, 2023

If only I could, at this moment so brief,
I wish to pack, everything old, into a capsule.
Every bitterness, every joy, every grief,
Burn them down, with my past, the powerful fuel.

Always dreamt of being a dancer in the dark,
Spinning and leaping, igniting a spark.
When the last ray of this year's dusk died, by darkness the canopy was veiled,
Looking ahead, only the thorn-scattered trail, the directions hard to tell.

Will next year be kinder, or bring more woes?
I ponder, I wonder, as the old year goes.
Saying goodbye to the past, with its highs and its lows,
Ahead lies a mystery, as tomorrow new wind blows.

I've waited so long, till all the lights were on,
Heard Katie's song, a soothing, hopeful throng:
"If you cross over tonight,
You see beyond the darkest sky."

So by the lake I stood, with a flying heart,
Craving the touch of the new year's first sun, a fresh start.
No longer afraid of parting, that life's routine,
Embracing the unknown, shaping my own scene.

Another Snowy Night

Crushing the snow under my feet,
Into the night I dive, complete.
The track has led me to this sphere,
Where lives solitude, my dearest peer.

In the glow of streetlight's gaze,
I stood, enveloped in its haze.
In this realm of endless white,
I captured moments, purified.

Tulips

Send my heart, adrift to the tulips,
they my long-time friend.
O you are the first shade of spring,
Set my heart on fire, orange and pink,
Imprint all your ideas on mine,
Burn, let them burn, with that fervor unspoken.

Saturday wept, her heart,
a plea to the riverside's embrace,
that eternal green,
that breath of nature.
She wept, lungs filled with the day.

Yet beside me, you stand,
unseen but felt, memories of us,
how the ice once melted.
We swayed, like willow,
like leaves in the breeze,
exiling our past to history's seas.
In the pages, our story, gently unfolds.

Cry, if your heart so desires,
my dearest friend, the tulips.
Drink the water, sip the solitude,
in the very corner I buried my blues,
you listened, quietly,
when I whispered the secrets between you and me.

Take my heart to the riverside,
that evergreen, that shade of spring --

It was the spring,
just like any other spring:
Dew-kissed mornings,
sun-rays threading through
sorrow, passers-by, hand-in-hand,
weaving stories untold,
pomegranate whispers,

the taste of my tears,
mingling in the dance of now and then.

The Pure Song of Kansas

Part 1. Verse of Dreams and Dust

The day begins with the sun, a low, warm hum that stirs you from sleep. The morning air is cool, carrying whispers of Katie's introspection, her voice a gentle nudge towards the pursuit of authenticity. With each chord you strum, there's a piece of her spirit, a sense of looking inward, of finding beauty in the raw, unvarnished truth of being.

As the day unfolds, the heat of the sun high above, Lucinda's gritty resilience takes hold. Her voice, textured like the rough Kansas landscape, imbues you with strength. Her tales of heartache and hope, of roads traveled and lessons learned, mix with the dust under your boots, guiding you through the trials and triumphs of a life lived fully, deeply.

Part 2. Chorus of the Plains

In the solitude of the afternoon, when the world seems to pause, you find yourself at the edge of a wheat field, the golden stalks swaying in unison like a sea of dreams. It's here, in this moment of quiet majesty, that Katie and Lucinda's influences converge in your soul, urging you to pen a song that speaks of both the vulnerability and the power found in solitude, in love, in the struggle and the serenity of life.

Part 3. Bridge Between Day and Night

As twilight paints the sky in strokes of purple and gold, you're back on your porch, the day's end bringing a reflective pause. The songs of Katie and Lucinda, a blend of poetic lyricism and earthy tones, inspire a stream of consciousness that flows from your pen. Their stories, interwoven with yours, become a song that speaks of a shared journey through the landscapes of the heart, a song that resonates with the universal truths of human experience.

Part 4. Coda Under Starlit Skies

Night falls, and the expanse above is a canvas of stars, each one a note in the infinite melody of the universe. In the quiet of the Kansas night, with Katie's introspection and

Lucinda's resilience as your guides, you find a profound connection to the world around you, to the stories and songs that define you. Your voice, carrying through the cool night air, is a testament to the power of music to heal, to unite, to inspire.